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*And the Copy 402. 30*

A Memorable Song on the unhappy hunting in *Cherry Chase* between Earle *Piercy* of England and Earle *Douglas* of Scotland.  
To the tune of Flying Fame.

**G**od prosper long our noble King,  
our lives and safeties all,  
In *Cherry Chase* he fell,  
To dye the Deer with hounds and hounds  
Earle *Piercy* with his way,  
The child may rue that is unborn  
the hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
a boy to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
three Summers dayes to take:  
A bechilest parts in *Cherry Chase*  
to kill so bear away,  
These things to Earl *Douglas* came,  
in Scotland where he lay,

Whose Earl *Piercy* present word,  
he would present his sport,  
The English Earl not hearing this,  
did to the woods resort  
With fifteen hundred women bold,  
all men of might  
Who knew full well in time of need  
to aid their shafts aright.

The great ant Cap-hounds swiftly ran  
to chase the fallow Deere,  
On Sunday they began to hunt,  
when day-light did appear,  
And long before high noon they had  
an hundred fat Bucks slain,  
Then having slain the Deere went  
to rowle them up again.

The women mused on the hills  
well able to endure,  
The back-bone all with special care  
that day was guarded sure:  
The bounds ran swiftly through the woods  
the nimble Deere to take,  
And to their cries the hills and dales  
an Echo still did make.

Earl *Piercy* to the Countrey went  
To view the tender Deere,  
Which he Earl *Douglas* promised  
his day to meet me here:  
But if I thought he would not come,  
no longer would I stay,  
Which that a brave young Gentleman  
thus to the Earl did say,

To ponder both Earl *Douglas* come,  
his men in armour bright,  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
all marching in our sight,  
All men of pleasure and valour  
sall by the Rivers Tweed.

Then cease your sport Earl *Piercy* said,  
and take your hounds with speed.  
And now let me my Countrey men  
your courageously advance,  
For never was there Champion yet  
in Scotland in France,  
That ever did on horseback come,  
but if my horse it were  
durst encounter man for man  
with him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk white steed,  
most like a Baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
whose armour shone like gold,  
Behold me befall whose men you be,  
that hunt so boldly here,  
That without my consent do chase  
and kill my fallow Deere:  
The man that first did answer make,  
was noble *Piercy* he,  
Whose words we list not to declare  
nor who whose men we be.  
But full we spend our dearest blood,  
the chiefest parts to lay  
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,  
and thus in rage did say:

Grethous I will out-brave be,  
one of us two shall dye,  
I know thee well an Earl thou art,  
Earl *Piercy* thou art I:  
But shall me *Piercy* slay it were,  
and great offence to kill  
Any of these our gallant men,  
for they have done us ill:

Let thou and I the battell try,  
and set our men aside,  
Accurs be he Earl *Piercy* said,  
by whom this is deny'd.  
Then kept a gallant & quiet fight,  
Wetherington was his name,  
Whose he would not have told  
to Henry our King for shame.

That ever my Captain fought on foot,  
and I stood looking on:  
For two he *Charles* said Wetherington,  
and I a Squire alone:  
He do the best that do I may,  
while I have power to stand,  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
The fight with heart and hand.

Our English Archers bent their bows,  
their hearts were good and true,  
At the first sight of an arrowe,  
At the first sight of an arrowe,

full four score Scots they slew,  
To dye the Deer with hounds and hounds  
*Douglas* had on the bent,  
A Captain most with mickle pride,  
the spears to Gibers went.

They closed full fast on every side,  
no backesse there was found,  
And many a gallant Gentleman  
lay gasping on the ground:  
A child it was great grief to see,  
and like life for to beare,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
and scattered here and there.

At last these two stout Carles did meet,  
like Captains of great might,  
The young men both they laid on load  
and made a cruel fight:  
They fought until they both did sweat,  
with swords of tempered Steele,  
Until the blood like drops of rain,  
they trickling down did seale.

So did these Lord *Piercy Douglas* said,  
in faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be,  
by name the Scottish King.  
I by Randome will I freely give,  
and thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous Knight  
as ever I did see.

So *Douglas* quoth Earl *Piercy* then,  
thy promise I doe scorn,  
I will not yield to any Deere  
that ever yet was born:  
Which that there came an Arrowe keen  
out of an English Bow,  
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart  
a deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words then this  
Fight on my merry men all,  
For why my life is at an end,  
Earl *Piercy* leas my fall.  
Then leaving life Earl *Piercy* took  
the dead man by the hand,  
And said Earl *Douglas* for the life  
would I had lost my Land.

A child my very heart doth bleed  
with sorrow for thy sake,  
For sure a more renowned Knight  
misfortune did never take.  
A Knight among the Scots it ere was,  
which saw Earl *Douglas* dye  
Who straight in faith did vouchrevenge  
upon the Earl *Piercy*

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
who with a speare full bright,  
He mounted on a gallant steed,  
ran fiercely through the fight,  
And past the English Archers all,  
without all dread or feare,  
And through Earl *Piercy* body then  
he thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might  
he did his body gore,  
The speare went through the other side,  
a large cloth yard and more,  
Whose did both those nobles dye,  
whose coura none could stain,  
An English Archer then perceiv'd  
the noble Earl was slain:

He had a Bow bent in his hand,  
made of a trusty tree,  
An Arrow of a cloth yard long  
unto the head drew he:  
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,  
to right his shaft he set,  
The quiver gave him that was thereon,  
in his heart blood was wet

This fight did last from break of day,  
till setting of the Sun,  
For when they rang the Chering Bell,  
the battell scattred was.  
With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain  
Sir John of Oerston,  
Sir Robert Raliffe and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold Baron,

And with Sir George and good Sir James  
both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Foby there was slain,  
whose prowess did surmount:  
For Wetheringtons most I will,  
as one in doleful dumps,  
For when his legges were smitten off,  
he fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Murrel that from the field  
one foot would never rise.  
Sir Charles Murrel of Raliffe too,  
his legges officers then was he,  
Sir David Lamb to Wetherington  
yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Markwel in like sort,  
did with Earl *Douglas* dye  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears  
scarce fifty he did dye.

Of fifteen hundred English men  
went home but fifty three  
The rest were slain in *Cherry Chase*,  
under the green wood tree  
Next day did many widows come  
their husbands to bewail,  
They waild their wounds in Spanish tears  
but all would not prevail:

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
they dye with them away,  
They hid them dead a thousand times  
when they were clad in clay,  
A horse was brought to Wetherington  
where *Charles* King did reign,  
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly  
was with an Arrow slain.

A heavy sorrow King James did lay,  
Scotland can witness be,  
I have not my Captain's name  
of such account as he.  
The tidings to King Henry came  
with him as short a space,  
That *Piercy* of Northumberland  
was slain in *Cherry Chase*.

Now God be with him said our King,  
with him as better be,  
I trust I have within my Realm  
fifty hundred as good as he.  
Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,  
but I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all,  
for brave Earl *Piercy* sake:

His body full well the King perform'd;  
after on Humble Down,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
with a side of great renown.  
And of the rest of small account  
did many hundreds dye,  
Thus ended the hunting in *Cherry Chase*,  
made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King and bless the Land,  
in plenty, Joy, and Peace,  
And grant her Majesty that souls debate  
twist noble men may cease.

FINIS.

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